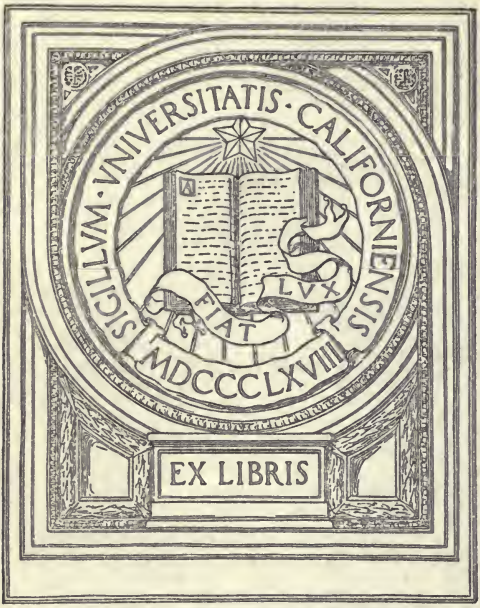
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by — Banks

THE MODERN HUDIBRAS.

THE

MODERN HUDIBRAS.

IN TWO CANTOS.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXXXI.

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mod

LONDON:

C. ROWORTH AND SONS, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

THE MODERN HUDIBRAS.

CANTO I.

The Knight, the Squire, the Beasts that bear 'em,
Take measures to besiege Old Sarum.

SING, MUSE, the wrath of ———, and so forth.—
Here's Hudibras again on earth.
Who, after certain lapse of years,
From time to time still reappears,
In manner of the wandering Jew,
To prove that there is nothing new:
And happily his term arrives
Oftener than bird who never wives,
But burns instead, for reproduction,*
(Strange converse of St. Paul's instruction,)

* The Phœnix, according, I think, to the computation of the ancients, appeared only once in 500 years; but doubtless we shall have more exact details of its habits, when the natural history belonging to *The Library of Useful Knowledge* shall be *diffused*, where this perverse peculiarity cannot fail to be noticed, of choosing to *burn* rather than to *marry*.—Alas! the poor Hindoo ladies do both.

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That only once in five whole ages
Bespeaks a perch in Egypt's cages.
Yet, as with India's sons and daughters,
The total number of the Avatars
Is not agreed on (those who wish news
May read Sir William Jones for Vishnu's);
So of our Knight 'tis doubtful too
How often he's appear'd in view,
Since, like his godship above cited,
With many names his ear's delighted,*
Quixote, of damsels and enchanters,—
Sir Hudibras, of crop-ear'd ranters,—
Sir Humbug, in familiar phrase,
Might better suit him in these days,
When such a stride is made in wit,
That King's an humbler name than Cit.
But as of Vishnu there are ten
More famed appearances to men,
So of our Knight must all agree
In reckoning these more noted three.

Times may be changed, but let that pass,
'Tis still the same Sir Hudibras;

* "Oh, thou! whatever title please thine ear."—Pope.
Vishnu is said to have a thousand names; Apollo is also invoked as the *many-named* God in some of the Greek Hymns; but Isis in this respect takes precedence of both, being styled the Goddess of *ten-thousand* names.

With a new face 'tis our old friend,—
Same zeal, same ardour still to mend
And aid the world, against their wishes;
Same relish still for loaves and fishes.
Viatica stuffed then as now
In holster or in saddle bow,
To give him courage to be virtuous,
And lest his pistols else might hurt us;
Which makes some of his paunch complain
As better furnished than his brain,—
Mere vulgar error, for his skull
Is even to o'erflowing full,
And lest one item should escape,
Like trav'lling-coach has lost its shape,
With capcase, swordcase, and imperial,
Which make one think the soul material,
Such bumps and bunches there are found,
Phrenologists are quite aground:
What's lost by lining trunks, and burning,
Of deep and disputatious learning,
Or of those lighter, airier fancies
In tales of knighthood and romances,
Is quite made up, in bulk and weight,
By this tenth Muse that's born of late
To the Political Economists,
The very Puck of certain sunny mists

That lead bewilder'd folks astray,
And make them think they see their way;
The full-dress'd and full-grown Minervæ
That in their birth turn topsy-turvy
Heads whence they issue, for I call thus
Those of Macaulay, Bentham, Malthus,
Birkbeck, and Bowring, and Macculloch,
Sages whose volumes have a dull look.
Yet rank and file have ranged themselves
In the Knight's memory—or his shelves,—
And for " hypocrisy and nonsense,
That had the advowson of his conscience,"
It may be thought, they've not, perhaps,
Lost presentation by a lapse.

Just at this time the Knight looks big,
Ask you for why?—He is a Whig:
He is a Whig, and *well connected,*
And therefore much may be expected;
Yet, though he prates about Reform,
Some think that he's not over warm,—
For Revolution too patrician
Sincerely in his heart to wish one.

This makes his Squire most inconvenient,
Who deems his measures over lenient,

And snubs, and thwarts, and growls, and grunts,
And calls in aid his H**es and H**ts:
For as we've hail'd, fresh brought to light,
Our own true old authentic Knight,
So we might certainly depend on't,
To spy, ere long, his sworn attendant—
The Sancho, who, half rogue, half dupe,
With saws and proverbs cock-a-hoop,
Had on so many past occasions
Almost exhausted knightly patience,
Still clings to uttering words by rote,
Though, varying less of late his note,
" Ballot and universal suffrage"
Now fill his patron with enough rage.—
The Ralpho, who, in twenty shapes,
Had always got him into scrapes,
In the same school once more has studied,
Is still hot-headed and cold-blooded,*

* Few who have been educated at Eton will have forgotten those ingenious lines, composed by a bard of early promise, for the 5th of November:—

" Guy Faux turpis erat, voluitque cremare senatum,
Frigidus et calidus, turpis at ille fuit;"

of which the apparently obscure antithesis was expounded by the author as embracing the qualities both of a cool designing villain, and of a hot-headed innovator and incendiary.

The self-same stubborn arguing dunce,
Fanatic in religion once,
And now fanatic in the state,
With *rooted,* aye *and branched* hate,
Sour Puritan that can engraft
Clown's ignorance with Jesuit's craft.

As for the hero of our poem,
(And 'tis a trait by which we know him,
Nor needs the likeness to disturb us,
Pythagoras was once Euphorbus;*)
There is, as in the olden time,
A certain mixture of sublime,
Though very small's the step between
Sublime and—*you* know what I mean;
Some spice of gentlemanly breeding,
Of chivalrous and rash proceeding,
That in his worst extravagancia
Recalls the hero of La Mancha;
And when he's cudgell'd makes us half
Sorry to be obliged to laugh.

But for this reptile in his train;—
He's quite insensible to pain;

* Ovid. Metam.

As hardened and obtuse within
As is his callous outward skin;
Nay, rather piques himself than not
On all the cuffs that he has got;
Like feather bed that, in the making,
Is still puffed up by blows and shaking.

Now Ralph did for his Knight provide
A scurvy Ass whereon to ride;
Founder'd, and jaded, broken-winded,
A very sorry monture indeed,
Which many think becomes him worse,
For that he rode on his high horse
Once with a troop of special gallants,
Known by the name of All the *Talents,*
Who since have had their *napkin* all
At Michael Taylor's in Whitehall.
Dubbed in the last gazette Right Honourable,
Though to discern the reason none are able,
Nestor of days when all allow
Men *giants* were to what they're now.
The Knight has got his beast rough shod,
'Tis a precaution some think odd,
Though others deem it now-a-days
The better course in slippery ways:

Perchance 'tis to fulfil his vows*
On the old site of Carlton House,
By trotting to the Athenæum,
And there pronouncing his Te Deum.

An ass is but a sensual creature,
And gross and sordid in his nature;
And Ralpho was a wicked wag,
So when he showed it the nose-bag,
He would shout "Ballot" very slyly,
Which the good Knight resented highly;
For the poor beast thereat would bray,
Since *ballot*, it conceived, meant *hay*.
Would bray so loud, so shake its sides,
As made it hard for him that rides:
Nay, sometimes would proceed to kick,
Till 'twas past human power to stick;
And hence this word, to our Knight-errant,
Has much the sound of his death-warrant.

Meanwhile, as the more precious load,
The trusty Squire himself bestrode

* It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of those celebrated *vows* of riding rough-shod through the palace in question; nor to point out how, owing to its demolition, and conversion into a street, the privilege has not been *restricted* to the Whigs.

A sort of second self—a Mule,
Dull, cunning, obstinate, and cool;
So that he rode to his adventure
Flesh of his flesh, like any centaur.

Discussing first, in what direction
They'll wage their war, or grant protection,
Before them dimly flit the visions,
Conflicting glories! of Parisians,
Cockney apothecaries'-boys*
Who, raising patriotic noise,
Have lately purg'd and bled their nation
Quite to a new regeneration;
Of Belgians, Mexicans, and Poles,
(State partnerships dissolved!) brave souls,
Who set their interests at defiance,
And are grand objects of alliance.
But yet more warmly the heart speaks
At the sweet classic name of Greeks,
Of folks in—arum and in—orum,

* L'Ecole de Medicine took so forward a part in the three *glorious days*, that four crosses of the Legion of Honour were set apart for its worthies, and they paid their visits to the citizen-king until he considered himself sufficiently *recovered* to dispense with their advice and attendance by a decree.

Now that the world was all before 'em
To choose their seat of war ad libitum,
And not a creature to prohibit 'em
From marching to relief of Sparta,
Champions of Volo and of Arta,
Of folks in—orum and in—arum—
Ralph caught the sound, and cried " Old Sarum!
" This is the key of all positions,
" Whether of Belgians or of Grecians;
" And though 'twere strong as twenty Troys,
" I and my 'pothecaries'-boys*
" Will"—(and he here became emphatic)—
" Sow it with salt—but not with Attic—
" Devoted Borough! There we'll reap,
" Not *grass*—though much grows there for sheep—
" But glory more, and danger too,
" Than Blenheim, or than Waterloo.

* The " Ecole de Medicine" in this country seems to be as prolific of patriots as elsewhere; our worthy county member may be considered, like Apollo, as the double personification of Light and of Physic. The writer of the Lancet is also editor of the paper called The Ballot; and if we may trust to the Morning Herald's report, the medical students of the London University showed, only a few days since, a very laudable zeal for their rights and liberties.

" The medical students of this Metropolis seem, like their brethren at Paris, somewhat prone to rupture. At the London University, on Monday, they came to what may be called a general *strike;* while, at the College of Surgeons, on the same day, they entered into a somewhat equivocal resolve, that the whole profession ' were (not " ought to be") gentlemen!' "—*Morning Herald,* Feb. 17, 1831.

" Mark then these words, Sir Knight, and bear'em
" In mind, ' *Delenda est Old Sarum!*' "

At this the Knight, who seem'd to feel
Small share of his intemperate zeal,
Echoed, with eyes upturn'd and saintly,
" *Delenda est Old Sarum!*" faintly.

But once, the resolution taken,
Confederacy form'd, hands shaken,
Enthusiasm seiz'd them both,
And they'd confirm'd it with an oath,
But dreaded Charles Wynn's interference,
Who might have changed it in a year hence.

Yet with a prospect full in view,
So black—aye more—so black and blue—
Of difficulties and of danger,
As might force tears from any stranger,
Where ev'n Ulysses had been melted,*
Our gallant Knight severely felt it,
(Though Ralpho, strange to these fine feelings,
Had cut him short in his bewailings,)
Not for himself, for sweet Sir Hudy
Had a flirtation with his *Goody*,

* Virg.

Though in all innocence and honor.
Can he do less than call upon her
To bid one tender fond farewell?
Perhaps the last!—For who can tell?
Perhaps the last!—That thought unmann'd
His heart, and quite unnerved his hand.—
Big tears stood smarting in the lid,
And into action called unbid
The better feelings of his nature,
At parting from this faithful creature,
Who seem'd like helpmate that deplored
The partner both of *Bench* and *Board*.
Whence, spite of bitter taunts from Ralph,
Who now well knew he'd got him safe,
This scene and other thoughts domestic
So sunk his zeal enthusiastic,
That at the last forth went our Hero
With heart and courage down at Zero.

The Squire first started—(trotting?—not he—)
A difficulty grave and knotty,
Which held them stationary still,
Since such was either's charger's will,
While thus said Squire detail'd his scruple
As though the Knight had been his pupil.

" Though I know well that without flogging
" There's not a hope to set them jogging,
" Still, for example's sake at least,
" I would not choose to flog my beast.
" We who have still gone hand in hand
" To abolish whips by sea and land,
" Who have forbid the banns, by water,
" Betwixt Jack Tar and gunner's daughter!*—
" How could I Knightsbridge barracks pass
" Lashing my mule and thou thine ass?
" Though I could prove past all dispute
" That this and thy more docile brute
" Were creatures of another breeding:
" Yet I would scorn such special pleading.—
" No. Let us hope the day will come
" When cat-o'-nine-tails shall lie mum
" With the lost arts;—nay, so put down, dead,
" Extinct, forgotten, and confounded,
" That Zoological directors,
" And Geologians, at their lectures,
" Shall make it fully understood
" That 'twas a beast before the Flood,
" And seek it petrified in stones

* See the explanation of this sea term in one of Lord Byron's letters, contained in Mr. Moore's last volume.

" With zoophytes and mammoth's bones;
" Proving by chains of reasoning that
" It was a true substantial cat,—
" By 'analogy, which never fails,
" That what's nine lives has got nine tails."

In contemplation of this fossil
He paus'd—and paus'd their beasts so docile,—
They paus'd, and would have paus'd till now,
But Ralpho found the expedient how
Briefly to cut short all demur.—
" Though flog we must not, we may spur"—
Was his conciliating suggestion,
And settled by a kick the question.

At their first step they met a curate,
I do believe a very poor rat,
Not Horace could take more to heart
The snake that made the ponies start,*
Than Ralpho did this Reverend Pastor,
Untoward omen of disaster:
Loud thereupon he shouts " No Tithes!"
At which, disturb'd, his chieftain writhes,

* Rumpit et serpens iter institutum,
Si per obliquum, similis sagittæ,
Terruit mannos."—*Hor. Ode* iii. 27.

And almost loses Christian patience
At thought of lay impropriations,
Perpetual curacies, advowsons,
The old possessions of his house once,
Which he sees plainly Ralph will get
To share amongst his hungry set.
Sad outset! He'd felt some misgivings,
'Tis true, on score of lands and livings,
But thought in's wisdom the day distant,
Which makes him curse his prompt assistant,
And fell to musing melancholy
On rare extent of human folly,
But whether Ralpho's, or his own,
To none but to himself is known.

The Squire, who deem'd it most offensive
To see one so absorb'd and pensive,
Most promptly, as he judg'd it right, meant
To give him somewhat of excitement,
And therefore suddenly preferr'd
His omi'nous and obnoxious word:
As name of Sesamé unlocks,
In tales Arabian, solid rocks,
And opens ways for man to pass,
So Ballot opens mouth of ass,

Making the restive beast rejoice,
As is his wont, with heels and voice;
And lest this old device should fail,
Ralph claps a furze-bush to his tail.

His rider, who was sitting loosely,
From meditating so abstrusely,
At once lost balance, temper, seat,
And all but honour, in the street;
But as he fell he caught the "*varmint*"
By hem of his most fustian garment,
So that he drew him neck and crop
Off of his saddle upon top.
And most think he'd himself been dead,
Had he not lighted on his head,—
And hence the wonderful De Ville
With half a finger now can feel
The organic bump of equitation
Develop'd there to admiration.

Though both were tumbled in the dirt,
Ralpho was neither shamed nor hurt;
Accustom'd as he was, no wonder—
And 'twas his worship that lay under,
Bespatter'd, and in sorry case,
With shoes plebeian on his face,

So, as of old he well knew " whether
" Said shoe was Spanish or neat's leather,"
In blacking now a nice discerner,
He knows at once friend Hunt from Turner.

Brentford's the scene of all this murther,
The adventurous pair have jogg'd no further;
Yet will the patriot none the less
Misdoubt of ultimate success.
The advance of great things, as we know,
Is at the first exceeding slow;
And 'tis observ'd, that in all ages
Great wits, like these, have made short stages:
Witness that famed Brundusian journey
Of Horace with his Greek attorney.*—
Attorney!—why, he styles him Rhetor,
Which falls less pat into my metre;†
Yet possibly he was no higher
(Even now attornies write Esquire).
Be't how it may! 'tis plain this lawyer
Charged by the day to his employer,

* ———— " Rhetor comes Heliodorus
Græcorum longè doctissimus."—*Hor.* S. i. 5.

† Be it recollected that the convenient precedent of
" Quod versu dicere non est"
is found in this very poem.

Although it might not please the poet
That all posterity should know it.

'Twas where yet uncashier'd there swings
The immortal sign of the Three Kings,
(Which answers to the Tres Tabernæ
Of the more classic Appian journey,)
Three—so that Poland, Belgium, Greece,
Here may at once find one apiece,
Since all those prosperous states have yet
Their bills upon them—" To be Let:
" For terms, apply, Sirs, as before,
" At Louis Philip's,* the next door."
Who dreads a neighbour, yet allows
That one's oft robb'd from empty house,
And therefore, though he still objects
To whomsoe'er Vansneak† elects,
Yet vows he wishes it decided,
But Heaven knows how—and would that I did!

Ralpho, 'tis true, looks somewhat surly
At sounding the retreat thus early;
Eyeing the Sign as with a grutch,
And muttering " Three is Three too much"—

* Quære, if this should not be written Phil*l*ips.

† An orator whose *name* makes a distinguished figure in the Belgian debates.

But, what with weariness and bruises,
Sir Hudy to remount refuses,
And wistfully surveys mine host,
As though he longed for tea and toast.
But Ralph, who deems it most advisable
To abstain from all that is exciseable,
'Gainst which the Agitator's thunders,
Denounced elsewhere, have done such wonders;
Nor can imagine what his flesh meant
By sensual yearnings for refreshment;
Since his expedients quick as thought are,
Prescribes a draught of pure Thames water,
Purer and cleaner, let us hope,
Than what the solar microscope
Exhibits, to the eternal damming
Of every conscientious Brahmin,
Where little myriads in the cup
Dance first, then eat each other up.—

When Liberty's the word, it means
None argues, and none contravenes,
The strongest dictates to the weakest,
Hence 'twas the Knight forbore the tea-chest;
Heart ill at ease, and broken head,
He slunk off supperless to bed.

While Ralpho, laughing in his sleeve,
Squat, like the toad, at ear of Eve,
For Lullaby sung loud and deep,
" Ballot, my babe, lie still and sleep."*

* Few readers, I apprehend, will need to have pointed out to them the opening of Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament, which begins,

" Ballow, my babe, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep."

But should there be any one to whom it is new, he is to be envied the first perusal of a song perhaps the most beautifully pathetic, both for the thought and the expression, that is to be found in any language.

CANTO II.

What happen'd on the road from London.
And how they left their project undone.

AWAKE, my St. John! Rub thy stuff,
Open the back, produce a slough!
Complacent view th' effect with pleasure,
And call this still thy *healing measure.*
Rival or mimic of state quacks,
Who fret a sore upon our backs,
With nostrums which they all can tell,
Will make us better far then well,
Then souse upon the afflicted part
The *cabbage,** with a bounteous heart,

* " But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart."—*Pope.*

" A learned friend observes, that he has read of a family in Savoy, who bore for their arms a *cabbage* proper, with the motto, " Tout n'est qu'abus."—*Todd's Johnson's Dictionary.*

Since some of our great reformers have still in all probability their arms and mottoes to choose, the above is respectfully recommended to them.

For the medical application of Cabbage, and the *hundred-pounds-worth* of sore, see a late remarkable trial.

And swear they'd give an hundred pound
To see so promising a wound.

Awake !—and wake, ye slumbering pair !
The dustman snuffs the morning air,
The sweep his brush and soot-bag brings,
And like the lark he mounts and sings.
Ralpho, arise !—Sir Knight, come forth !
Like Hercules go purge the earth,
And take with demigods thy place ;—
Old Sarum totters to its base.

And ye ! the snowy-feather'd flock,
Sole garrison t'avert the shock,
(Seeing that sheep make no resistance,
And Mr. Mayor lives at a distance,)
Once sacred to Jove Cap'tolinus,
But to St. Michael now, to dine us ;
Who there, as in the golden age,
Crop the green herb, not sparing Sage,
Which takes revenge on Goose, in shape
Of stuffing,—as on Goat the Grape*—
With patriot cackling guard your home,
And save Old Sarum, as Old Rome !

* All who are conversant with the Greek Anthology, or the translations from it, ancient and modern, will recollect the epigram on the Goat browsing the Vine.

To horse! cries Ralph,—though some affirm
That *Ass* is the generic term;
(There lurks no satire in that line,
The assertion is Buffon's,* not mine,
Although the ground on which 't was made, is
Not such as I can state to ladies.)
If it in truth be so, the word
Was doubly in this case absurd,
Since there stood large as life, and ready,
With *undeniable* ears, the Neddy;
Which ears, howbeit he bestows,
Laid back upon his neck so close
As is to practised eye suspicious
Of some small leaning to be vicious.
This, and the recent recollection
Of yester-evening's disaffection,
The thought too, that his Squire was still able
To excite him with his d——d dissyllable,
Motives combined, so disinclined
The prudent Knight to all ass kind,
That he could be on no account
Prevailed on, or constrained to mount:
Prepared to trudge back through the dirt,
Rather than take some grievous hurt.

* See Buffon, article Ass.

Ralpho was stunn'd, and in despair,
To see evaporate in air
His own enthusiastic scheme
Escap'd from the Knight's head, like steam
Which uncompress'd, however warm,
Has power to do nor good nor harm,
Though, pent up tightly in the piston,
'T has ten-horse power for to assist one.

" Sir Knight," says he, " my mule is strong,
" His pace is safe, his back is long,
" Sure 't were compendious, and less trouble,
" Methinks, that he should carry double.
" You may sit unconcern'd and idle,
" Whilst I, as pilot, steer the bridle.
" Or if there be some etiquette
" By which that's not relinquish'd yet;
" You still can hold it *for appearance*,
" With but occasional interference,
" If with too leisure pace you plod,
" Or, Homer-like, should seem to nod."

Agreed, that Ralph shall sit in front,
Controul the spur, and bear the brunt;
While 's worship stickles for the rein,
With gentler purpose to restrain.

So here's Sir Hudy perched *en-croupe,*
And Ralph once more sits cock-a-hoop;
Bent still on his crusade, and eager
As Cœur-de-Lion to beleager!

Close at the door they met a Jew
Selling old clothes as good as new,
That nothing of the Jew appear'd
In all his dealings, but his beard.
" I cannot bate that s*h*ixpence, S*h*ir,
" Look at the skirt, the cuffs, the fur,
" It is*h* as*h* good as Joseph's* coat;
" I cannot.—But had *I* vote,
" 'Twere yours"—and there his voice he lower'd,
And added—" gratis*h*." Quite o'erpower'd.
" Poor Jew!" cried Ralpho—and " Poor Jew!"
Echoed his plaintive master too.

The other party to that bargain,
On which the Israelite was argu'ing,

* Since there are many *Josephs* of more or less celebrity, it might seem uncertain which is here referred to; all modern allusion, however, is disclaimed, and the Patriarch's coat is certainly that here eulogized by his descendant; but whether that of many colors, or that left in the hand of Potiphar's wife, may admit of dispute.

Was a lank youth with aspect pallid,
One of a trio lean and squalid,
With hands dyed half a shade less deep,
Yet more in grain, than chimney-sweep,
Whom *men* call " Gentlemen o' th' Press,"
And they proclaim themselves no less,
Though Printers and the *Gods*, we 're told,
Still style them Devils, as of old:
These three were of the last edition,
And scarce inferior to Parisian,*
Those hotpressed patriots who have earn'd
Such glory, when their hands they turn'd
From setting types to breaking bones,
And lithograph'd with paving-stones.
From their *out*-sides, you 'd scarce believe it
That these are *Gentlemen* by brevet,
Nor from their *in*, that they 've dominion,
Without appeal, on all opinion,
Be 't speculative, or be 't critical,
Or theologic, or political,
All, all —— a sort of fourth estate,
That seems, like the lean kine, of late

* The exploits of the Parisian Printers have been since recorded, like Cæsar's, in their own Commentaries.

To swallow up and to digest
Whate'er is left of all the rest.
Whether domestic or exotic
No dynasty is so despotic.

These Incas, or pronounce it Inkers,
Are both free-writers and free-thinkers,
Their very daily bread is libel,
Their manual the *Reformer's Bible.**
All the night long they have work'd hard
To bring to light a choice placard,
Which dawn exhibits in large letters
Upon dead walls and rotten shutters
Address'd to *all* the lab'ring classes,
(There prov'd worse-us'd than dogs or asses,)
And very pointedly indeed
To *such* as neither write nor read.

With such an audience, so delectable,
So wise, enlighten'd, and respectable,
Who could forbear the cause to press
Of weak and innocent distress?

* *The extraordinary Black-book, usually called the Reformer's Bible,* (from which, had there been time, I would willingly have enriched my notes,) is the title by which the last edition was announced of a work, in which there appear to be mis-statements and inaccuracies in every page.

Not Ralpho.—Who address'd the *trio*
With all the eloquence of D. O.,
That most renown'd of agitators,
Who *till of late* has rode his great horse,
And gain'd for Pat what now anon
Our Ralph would gain for Solomon.

" Is it not most unconstitutional,
" That in that House which is pollution all,
" Where every interest 's fain to give
" Its proper Representative,
" Whilst land and sugars send so many,
" The Old-clothes-interest has not any,
" Unless it be Sir Charles's breeches
" Which gape so widely in his speeches?
" Can *we*, sirs, to invest refuse,—
" No—not our money—but our Jews,
" Those" (and he here appeared to touch
" Some chord) " to whom we *owe* so much,
" Whose *interest*—nay, sirs, do not start—
" We feel so deeply all at heart,
" With every franchise, boon, or privilege
" Which Jew can long for in this civil age?"

The Knight, who listen'd all the while
With the most sweet assenting smile,

Seems from behind to grow the bolder,
And pats his Squire upon the shoulder,
Takes the cause warmly, nay, subscribes
From 's purse to find the ten lost Tribes,
That all may share this boon of freedom,
Whether from Israel or from Edom.*

Rais'd in the scale of beings, now
Th' elated Jew no more cries " Clou !"
But with such Christian accent " Clothes !"
As made a sinecure of 's nose,
And all his rags henceforth are flung
With such an air as Virgil's dung.†

" Mount up behind, and jog with us,
" While still your prospects we 'll discuss
" As we proceed upon our road ;
" Our beast is equal to the load."—
Were the kind words both Squire and Knight
Pronounc'd to assure the Israelite.

* England and Scotland are designated as Israel and Edom by Dryden in the Absalom and Achitophel.

† See Addison's remarks on the Georgics, where he says that Virgil seems to " toss his dung about with an air of gracefulness."

'Twas well that this mule's chine was long,
As hath before been said or sung,
For the sly Hebrew, nothing loth,
Soon took his perch behind them both,
And, to support him firmly, placed
His griping hand round Hudy's waist,
So that this ill-condition'd hack
Had now, assembled on his back,
Full half as many as they 'll tell ye
The Trojan horse had in his belly,
Heroes all bent on the undoing
Of City which they 've vow'd to ruin.

But this triumvirate was short,
Since Devils still will have their sport
(Of Printers or of Pandæmonium,
All share alike the same encomium,
Since it appears, that in both shapes
They live by getting folks in scrapes,)
Having smelt out, by some sly *ruse*,
That, though agreed upon the Jews,
And like two bodies with one mind,
(Where *two* ride, one *must* sit behind,*

* A remark first, I believe, politically applied by Dr. Johnson.

Unless where paniers are contrived;
And coalitions are short-lived.)
Having smelt out, I say, that Ballot
Was not exactly to the palate
Of him, whose feelings in accord are
With those of his more knightly *order*.
Alas for Hudibras!—They felt
Implacable desire to pelt,
And selfish Ralpho only sign'd
That they should do it from behind,
So that *he* sat in perfect shelter
From every missile of the pelter,
All being intercepted quite,
By the broad shoulders of the knight,
And went upon his way rejoicing,
The which his master had no voice in.

At the first whistling of this shower,
Ere yet the storm began to lower,
As bustling Pismire hastes to drag
Its egg, so snatched the Jew his bag,
Which he to civil rights preferr'd,
And dropped from th' tail without a word.
Then mutter'd in an under tone
Something about "being let *aloan*."
And meekly added, "I 'm aware
"That 't were unjust to take my share

" In all this tumult of applause
" Which your enlighten'd conduct draws.
" No. Gentlemen, I will not rob ye;
" Ride on copartners of your hobby.—
" Lest these," and here the wight withdrew,
" Take me for a Reformer too."*
Base Jew! exclaim'd the Knight,—but mud
Here stopp'd his mouth, and staunch'd a flood
Of tears, which tragic patriots keep
To meet the stage-direction '*weep*,'
While coarser Ralpho curs'd the Jewry
And fell into extatic fury.

All conduct more or less outrageous
Is by experience found contagious,
Hence, since this pelting seem'd to *work well*,
There gather'd an augmented circle,
Enlighten'd all (although their clothing,
The Jew said, was worth next to nothing;)
Some from the London University,†
Whose graduate fees will reimburse it ye,

* Ex his, qui in porticibus spatiabantur, lapides in Eumolpum recitantem miserunt. At ille, qui plausum ingenii sui noverat, operuit caput, extraque templum profugit. *Timui ego, ne me poëtam vocarent.*—Petron. Sat. 90.

† It has been announced within the last ten days, that

For now the shares are at a premium,
And as for students they can steam ye 'em
Quite to the top of useful knowledge,
Without the rigors of a college,—
Or the Rotunda at Blackfriars,
Where they are taught to doubt Hell-fires,
But though they make great progress, few get
To doubt of Bridewell or of Newgate.—
Or the Mechanics Institution,
Where W * * gave his elocution
To induce his audience day by day
To emigrate without delay,
By which said audience was diminish'd;
Since some went out ere lecture finish'd.—
A mixed and miscellaneous race,
From each and every several place
Of *un*sound* learning in the nation,
And *ir*religious education,
Here met; a most distinguished rabble
To hoot, and roar, and screech, and gabble.

this society is to confer degrees on all branches of learning except Theology.

* A blessing is implored upon—"All places of sound learning and religious education," in the University-*(not of London)*-prayer before sermon.

Ralpho was pleased to see such vigour,
And in his heart felt all the bigger,
For he'd misgivings on his mind
That's better half might feel inclined
To slip off, like the Jew behind,
Wherefore he saw 'twas all in all
To embody this *Garde National*,
Which on occasion awes its chief
Much more than rioter or thief.

" Truce—Truce—my friends, the field of glory
" Lies open, and spreads wide before ye,
" And, what *we* conquer and subdue
" We assign it all in fee to you."—
Were words most forcibly appealing
To men of *patriotic* feeling,
Who are not of such dogs as follow
The game they 're not allow'd to swallow.

O such a train from jail or pillory,
For sappers, miners, and artillery,
Were here enlisted and embodied,
That Ralpho quite affects the godhead,
And would have fain proclaim'd his coming
With martial trumpeting and drumming!
Had he had drums, I do suspect
They had play'd the *march of intellect*,

More spirit-stirring, aye, and brisker
Than Bluebeard, or than Lodoiska.

Ribbons, 'twas fear'd that, since free trade,
Hardly sufficient now were made
To furnish out a full cockade.
Yet, without colours, all recruiting
Must stand on a degraded footing;
(Mayhap, 'twas lack of these made Falstaff
Shirk *Coventry* with troops and all staff.)
The old Fool's-colours will not do,
Since those are stinted still to two,
As in comparative degree;
Superlative there must be three,
The same which he of the Exchequer,
A greater man than Pitt or Neckar,
If that we may presume to judge it
By the display of Friday's Budget,
(Which, with its juggling apparatus,
Rather '*ostensus*'* was than '*datus*,'
And screw'd up to the power call'd Nth,
Held out yet less than Charles the Tenth,
Only from Friday till the Monday,
Which I compute is less, by one day.)

* "Magis ostensus quam datus," is the epitaph in St. Peter's, on a Pope whose reign lasted only a few days.

Vaunted with so much pride and pleasure,
That Ralpho seized them as a treasure,
Furnish'd a topknot for his castor,
And one for his redoubted master;
And to a broom-stick tied a streamer,
That might suffice for any steamer.

Full of high hopes, in loose array
The *belle jeunesse* now leads the way
As escort, while the heroic pair
Put on the most *united* air;
But, just as with the twins of Siam,
The belly is the link to tie 'em,
So these, were 't not for loaves and fishes,
Have small community of wishes.
As Pantaloon keeps liveried Clown,
Who kicks his breech and knocks him down,
Still undischarg'd, and as his valet,
To the conclusion of the ballet;
So, for the public good, this couple
To mutual rubs discreetly supple,
Dissembling quite their *lovers'-quarrels,*
Make one reform-gun of two barrels,
Which, if it be *percussion*-lock'd,
Must be already full half-cock'd,
By those who now have sworn their *Oath*
Of fast allegiance to them both,

(Number, perhaps, nineteen or twenty,
As with the Prince of Benavente,)*
And straggling onwards, rank and file,
From Brentford reach full half a mile.

Now Hounslow Heath did still exhibit
Th' abhorr'd memento of a gibbet,
Although of bodies or of chains
There hung of late there no remains:
The gibbet's an abomination
To all trainbands of reformation;
(Ancestral sepulchre to some,
Omen to more of days to come,)
For trees of liberty, 'tis said,
Oft furnish timber whence 'tis made;
Hence, by zeal philanthropic urg'd,
With one accord they all diverg'd,
This hateful symbol to uproot,
And where head *should* be, set their foot.

Refresh'd with gin, and arm'd with rope,
They 've dragg'd and burnt it, like the Pope,
In days when Popes still ran the risk on't,
And Faux or Vaux was at a discount.

* This title was, I believe, changed on the accession of Louis XVIII. the epoch of one of these numerous swearings and counter-swearings.

Meanwhile the Knight proclaims aloud,
Most popularly, to the crowd,
That " none in golden aftertimes
" Shall swing for petty venial crimes,
" Such as mere housebreaking and forging."
So, now 'tis cheap, they call for more gin,
And swear, like Hannibal at th' altar,
Eternal hatred to the halter.
Ralpho with this drinks off his noggin,
And on they set, most friendly jogging.

All in good humour with this feat,
Sir Hudibras, till now discreet,
And passing secret, first began
T' unfold his Panacean plan.
But 'twas envelop'd in such tropes,
Such views sublime, such abstract hopes,
That though expounded as from pulpit,
And all their mouths agape to gulp it,
Not one could understand a word
Of all th' harangue which they had heard;
And though *he* swore 'twas *satisfactory*,
His audience soon grew most refractory.

" Is this," said Ralpho, " your reform?"
With voice that seem'd to bode a storm,

" Is it for this I've been thy tool,
" And mount thee on my trusty mule?
" What! no campaign beyond Old Sarum!
" If *these* be *your* views, pray declare 'em.
" Bad gen'ralship 't might well appear,
" To leave such fastness in our rear,
" But, if 'twere not *for a beginning,*
" Old Sarum is not worth the winning."

Sir Hudibras, in hopes to appease him,
Started a view he thought might please him,
For cocknies could sometimes as far get,
(Ere passengers were tax'd,) as Margate;
Or make some coach their chaise marine,
To whirl them dusty to the Steyne;
Hence for th' enfranchisement of Brighton*
Ralpho would plead, like any Triton.
The Knight too, not behind in cunning,
To see which way the tide was running,
Thought little less of the Pavilion
Than of the wishes of the million.

* Ralpho seems not to be alone in his views, one of the latest reform meetings, of which details have been published in the papers, was held with great applause at Brighton.

" For shame," says he, " that, whilst a hovel,
" Scarce twice as big as yonder shovel,"
(Meaning a coal-box all the time,
But that it won't so aptly rhyme;)
" Confers a franchise on its owner,
" Bathing machines, alas! alone are
" Debarr'd their rights by some proscription,
" And held in bondage quite Egyptian?"
He'd have continu'd, by declaring
Views statesman-like in every bearing,
Perhaps the finest of his works,
Equal to Sheridan's or Burke's,
Had not Ralph growl'd, " It *must* and *shall* out,"
And stopp'd him short by crying, " Ballot!"
" None of your patching, cobbling, creeping!
" I must have measures broad and sweeping.
" Your piddling remedies I curse all,
" I must have suffrage universal;
" And as for Parliaments, depend on't,"
Loud and emphatic swore the attendant,
" I'll raise them annual, like potatoes,
" A little senate, pure as Cato's."

His worship feign'd as though he smil'd,
To see his helpmate run thus wild,
And, lest he should be seen to wince,
Sat *perpendicular* as Prince,

Though not so *happy*,* as I judge,
For, with a sly and cautious nudge,
" Ralph," whispers he, " when all's at stake,
" Do you forbear, for mercy's sake!"

But there was muttering in the crowd,
That grew both ominous and loud,
And Ralpho, who among the first
Was ready quite with rage to burst,
" So sure," cries he, " as God's in Gloster,
" This man is a most vile impostor."
" Soft!" cries the Knight, " go slow and safe."
" No—Go the d——l's own pace," says Ralph.
On that the rogues shout, " *whip behind!*"
Which cry 's a picture of mankind;
For in a chaise-pursuing group,
All eager, one 's no sooner up,
Than those, who tried the self-same feat,
Cry " whip behind," to get him beat:
And so, perchance, in th' present case,
'Twas envy at his worship's place.

* 'As happy and perpendicular as a Prince,' is, I think, an expression of Sterne. But this is not the moment for Princes; none of them just now can be supposed very happy, and very few quite perpendicular.

While from that hint the Squire concluded
That only one should ride where two did.
Whip he had none, but still the but-
End of his own hard occiput,
Jobbed back against his patron's nose,
Was as effectual quite as blows,
For by that ill-advised proceeding
He set said nose profusely bleeding.

It is remark'd that sight of blood
Excites to more ferocious mood
All wild unmanageble creatures
Of savage and carniv'rous natures,
And so 't was with this body-guard,
Who 'gan to think it wondrous hard
That, in the project which he styles his,
Ralph had said nothing of St. Giles's,
Nothing of Wapping, not a word
Of Blackwall or of Shoreditch heard,
All places which they were intent
To canvass or to represent.—
Then some would vote by *metal cheques**
And some admit the softer sex,

* See the ingenious circular on this subject by Mr. James Barron, Brass and Blind Manufacturer, with the plan of a townhall of his own contrivance, and specimen tickets for Captain A., Mr. B. and Lord C.

Children and all the junior branches
Some stoutly urg'd should have the franchise,
Witness the Polytechnic schools,—
And why not Bedlamites and Fools?—
Then, not a compliment in money!
No meat; nor drink!—Why fie upon ye!
No chaises—constables—cockades!—
Why what will come of all the Trades?—
Notions like these excited murmurs
In the great body of reformers.

Ralpho address'd them all the while
With words as smooth and clear as oil,
But oil, which on the troubled ocean
Will still its waves and stay its motion,
Same oil, I say, when thrown on fire,
Will only make it blaze the higher,
And soon, 't was plain, the bold attendant
Had lost all vestige of ascendant.

In place of mud, and sprats, and gudgeons,
See brick-bats hurl'd, and brandish'd bludgeons,
And flying stocks and stones made more fuss
Than when of old they hustled Orpheus,
That "had I Homer's pen,"* I'd write
Each wound contracted in the fight:

* Parnell.

But sad detail of blows and bruises
I leave to more *dissecting** muses,
Or lib'ral writer of the Lancet,†
Who by description can enhance it.
For this last scene of Ralph and Hudy
Would seem so paramountly bloody,
That even Titus Andronicus
As mirth and comedy would strike us.

Both Knight and Squire were in a moment
Unhors'd, without a note or comment,
Turn'd upside down, trod under foot,
And kick'd and spit upon to boot;
While they of th' Press,‡ whose prowess drains
Rather their inkhorns than their veins,
Withdrew some little from the scene
To indite a special bulletin.

* Milton has set the example, Par. Lost, book ix.:—
" Not sedulous by nature to indite
" Wars hitherto the only argument
" Heroic deem'd ; chief mast'ry to ' *dissect,*'
" With long and tedious havoc, fabled Knights," &c.

† The radico-medico-surgico-periodical before referred to.

‡ " Others apart sat on a hill retired
In thoughts more elevate, &c."—*Par. Lost,* ii.

For soon much wider spread the flame,
And all one general fight became,
Where blow was still on blow redoubled,
All follow'd suit since 't was a club led,
Whose every stroke sufficed to crack a rib,
Till, like the host of King Sennacherib,
They lay so dead to outward seeming,
You 'd not suspect them much of dreaming;
Not quite defunct, I could dare swear,
Yet, looking just as though they were,
'Twas asked, what *could* be the objection
To take their bodies for dissection?
In more imperative and sharper tone,
One voice laid claim to them—'twas W * * *,
Not he of the " Divine Legation,"
But he of A—na—to—mi—zation,
Who, Noah-like, will leave behind
Heirs of his body all mankind,*
Claim'd them, as Priam did his Hector,
Whom none *then* smoked for a dissector.

* I feel convinced it will be recollected that this *handsome* present (though by necessity a posthumous one and in futuro) was announced amidst the acclamations of an anatomy-meeting last year.

What obsequies, what funeral games,
What " *evergreens,*"* adorn their names,
All this in silence I will pass,
And who succeeds to mule or ass,
What destinies await Old Sarum,
'Tis not my purpose to declare 'em.—
Troy is not taken in the Iliad.—
And, in the way of protest, will I add,
My Cantos are the no less Epic
Though people fall in quarrels they pick;
For proof that this is no misnomer
I 'll turn you to our English Homer,
Where 'tis Old Nick that gets the better,
And I 've observ'd this to the letter,
Since the sole gain from all these evils
Accrues to aforesaid printer's Devils;
The archenemy, incarnate Legion,
Still first and foremost to besiege one,
Who have " the world before them," all
Just ready for a second Fall,
And of that Crab of Knowledge crude,
Which, serpent-like, they palm for good,

* Cocknicé for *laurels;* see the maiden-speech lately pronounced by a celebrated orator.

(Though, without graft of better fruit,
'Tis poisonous, aye, both branch and root,)
Just pluck enough, both ripe and rotten,
To make the Tree of Life forgotten.

THE END.

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